ASTRAEAS TEARES.

AN

ELEGIE

Vpon the death of that Reverend, Learned and Honest Judge, Sir RICHARD HUTTON Knight;

Lately one of his Majesties Justices in his Highness Earth of Common Pleas at Westminster.

LONDON:

Printed by T. B. for Philip Nevil, and are to be sold at his Shop in Ivie Lane, at the signe of the Gun.

1641.

Anne Tyton
Her Booke

To my worthily-accomplished and moſt endeared Coſin,

SIR
RICHARD HUTTON
Knight.

SIr, here receive theſe *Obit-teares* of Ours,
While *Native Love* and *Duty* nouriſh Yours:
Let us then joyne our *Funerall Odes* in One,
" His deareſt *God-ſonne* with his *Eldeſt Sonne*.
Though *Heires* in *ſuch like Teares* doe ſeldom ſhare,
I'm ſure *true Tears* ſtreame from your *Fathers Heire*.

Excuſe me, Sir, that theſe come forth ſo late,
" They come too ſoone by *Voice* and *Vote* oth' *State*.

To my truly-esteemed and highly-respected Cosin,

THOMAS HUTTON
Esquire;

A Member of the Honourable Society of *Grais-Inne.*

TO you, though *younger*, yet the *same* in *blood*,
Send I this *patterne* of *parent all good*:
Whose imitation shall you more advance
Then Fortunes portion, or Inheritance.
For those to *Meales* of *worthlesse mindes* are given,
Where these *Lines* chalke you out your way to heaven:
Whose

The Dedicatory.

Whose *lintall-lustre* if you doe not smother,
Makes you *Corrivall* with your *Elder Brother*;
Whom as I live I love; and in him you:
" This shall my *Muse* in richest raptures shew.
While *Memory* o're your *dead Father* reares
A *Shrine* bedewed with *Astreas Teares*.

To

Astræa's Teares.

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY of Sir RICHARD HUTTON Knight;

Obiit. Feb. 26. Anno Domini 1638.

And lately,

One of his Majesties Justices of his Highnesse Court of COMMON PLEES at *Westminster.*

AN ELEGIE.

GReat *Æsculapius*, hadst thou none to kill
But *Britaines* grave *Hortensius* with a pill?
Hippocrates his *Maxim* never ment
On *Goodmens lives* to make experiment
But on *indulgent patients*, who did breath
Lesse spirit in their life then in their death:

For their inglorious *Ev'nings* could forbid
Others to doe ought leſſe then what they did.
Tell me, O tell me! who could with his eye
Survey a gracefull-uſefull Nurcerie,
Stored with various plants that might befit
Their Maſters turne for *Shade* or *Benefit*,
And in this *Seminarie* to cut downe
An humble-mounting *Tamrick*, though full-growne
Whoſe very *Site* might prove him to be made
A *Grace* for ſome, to other plants a *Shade*?
Injurious Fate! if I may juſtly call
That Fate unjuſt, which is impartiall;
Why wouldſt thou not in this vaſt wilderneſſe
(Where every worldling ſeemes to intereſſe

His

Upon Judge HUTTON.

His sole imployments, as no place but here
Were th'*Native soile* whereto he must adhere)
Cull out such rotten and worme-eaten trees
Who keep a *place*, but promise no *increase*?
Some might thy subtile eye have quickly found
Crook'd, or with *swelling bunches* to abound;
Others so *strangely wreath'd*, 'twere hard to know
By their loose-dangling tops what way they grow.
Others so *freely spreading*, as their root
Takes so much ground, it holds all others out.
Others *Time-flatists*, scorning to incline
To any compleat humour but of Time.
Others like *Spriggets* from th'*Phœnix* ashes bred,
Fix on that *Sun* by whom they'r nourished;

From which ſhould thouſand *motes* like *atomes* riſe,
They'd vow them *beames* darted from *Phœbus* eyes.
And couldſ't chuſe none of theſe to make a diſh
For hungry *wormes*, and cloſe a *Subjects* wiſh?
Theſe doe no good, they trouble but the earth
By making *goodneſſe* labour of a dearth.
But ſay, *Grand-Artizan* of pick and ſpade,
If thou in *purple* haſt deſire to trade,
Traverſe thy ground, thou canſt not ſafely erre,
But finde *Intelligencers* ev'ry where.
Here maiſt thou finde a *Cælius*, one of might,
Who pleads worſe with his *leſt hand* then his *right*:
A Critick Conſull, who *Records* can tax,
And make the *Law* a very noſe of wax.

Neat-

Upon Judge HUTTON.

Neat-glorious Gloſſes can his Art finde out
Either to raiſe or reconcile a doubt:
And with ſuch confidence, as if this man
Were held the Ages ſole *Iuſtinian*:
Yet of his *reaſons* he no *ground* can gather,
Unleſſe he lye them on an *unknown* father.
Howſ'ere, his weake *Aſſertions* are held good,
And long-approv'd e're they be underſtood.
But th'*Reaſon* why he beares ſuch high command
Is this, "Hee's great for whom he ſeemes to ſtand.
There a looſe-liv'd-licentious *Appius*
Who woo's his miſtreſſe with a rev'rend buſſe:
A *purple-proſtitute*, that hides this mote
With gravity and colour of his coat.

Yet who ſhould ſee this uſeleſſe *Truth*, would ſweare
His age had made him fitter for a *Beare*
Then *amorous embraces*; and this grave
Grave-ſinking *Patriot* muſt his *Doxie* have,
Who in her active poſtures is ſo pliant,
She feeds on him, as he did on his Client.
There a ſweet-ſented *Flavius*, who could ſpeake
More *Tully* in ſteletting of his *peake*
Or twirling his *Mouchato's*, then thoſe low
Declining droſſie Groundlings e're could doe.
Flowers of ſelected phraſes ſpring by nature,
While *matter* muſt ſerve *words*, not *words* the *matter*:
No aire ſounds unaffected, which imparts
More muſick to our *eares* then to our *hearts*.

Upon Judge HUTTON.

Yet though his tongue be ſmooth, his body ſmall,
Within he ſtores huge Magazins of gall,
Which raiſe in him ſuch indigeſted paſſion,
As if ſtyles of diſgrace were all in faſhion.
Were not this *Bird*, in earneſt tell me *Fate*,
Farre fitter for thy *Cage* then for our *State*?
Surely, I think, it would availe thee much
(His moving tongue and eloquence is ſuch)
To have him for thine *Orator*, to draw
Poore *Marta's* to ſubmit them to thy law:
And though he hold himſelfe for *Death* unfit,
He might move others to encounter it.
There a word-ſcattering *Pythias*, who affords
A *drop* of *reaſon* for a *ſea* of words.

ASTRÆA'S *Teares*

Of numerous diſcourſe, and ſo well fraught
As he ſpeakes more then ever he was taught:
And in thoſe conſcript Magiſteriall Seats
A *Chaos* too of *Caſes* he repeats,
How properly I meane not to debate,
Howſ'ere it argues a retentive pate.
Thus *Ariſtippus* findes *ſtones* ſet on *ſtones*
Senſeleſſe of widowes teares, or orphanes moanes.
THESE eye the *Clock*, and meaſure out the day
In numbring houres, not hearing what men ſay.
What rich-enamel'd Shadowes (Fate) are theſe,
Who fat themſelves to foſter a diſeaſe?
Theſe ſuck full fortunes from a Gooſes quill,
By ſetting of their Names unto a Bill

Whicl

Upon Fudge HUTTON.

Which (as they ſeldome doe) if they read o're,
They are no wiſer then they were before.
But a *Gramm'd* purſe can never knowledge want,
'Tis want of meanes diſplaies the ignorant.
There a corrupt *Syſambris*, who would win
A pretious *Bribe* with loſing of his skin.
There a *Turinus*, who in ev'ry nook
Deludes poore people with the ſale of ſmook.
Theſe Chymicall Impoſtors from groſſe mold
Extract th'*Elixir* of refined gold
And never ſurfet, till their mouthes be fill'd
With that *rich gravell* their injuſtice pill'd.
For as the *Horſeleach* crieth ſtill, *more*, *more*,
So they deſire new meaſure to their ſtore,

Which

Which like *Erichthous* bowels, swell so fast,
As they consume their owners lungs at last.
Now tell me *Fate*, wer't thou enjoyn'd to steale
This *pretious treasure* from our Common-weale,
And spare *impurer mettals* soild with rust,
Who lay a shame upon their Countrey's trust?
There was a time, but no such place as here,
When to *Anticyre* such shipped were
As honour'd goodnesse: No inhabitants
Admitted were but timing Sycophants,
Lascivious Palliards, who made publick sale
Of vestall-virgin-honours by retaile.
Dark shops were in request to vend base ware,
Each in an act of knavery claim'd his share.

Whole

Upon Judge HUTTON.

Whole Sholes of bankrupt Marchants week by week
Broke, and thoſe held the wiſeſt that did breake
For moſt, and when it lay within their power
Could ſubtilely delude their Creditour.
Petitionarie *Patentees* grew ſtrong,
Pretending by preſcription to doe wrong:
State-prolling *Sharkes*, who to ſupply their turne
Laugh'd in their ſleeves to ſee their Country mourne.
Nought ſmel'd of profit, though it took beginning
From that contagious-leprous ſource of ſinning,
But't reliſhed: yet how did theſe beſtow
This large diſtreaming fortunes over-flow
But on *Vitellian* bankets, luſcious fare,
Phantaſtick habits? while their Ladies care

Extended

Astræas Teares

Extended to a *play bill*, a Caroach,

A compleat Usher, or Postillion Coach;

A Bevy of out-landish Tirewomen,

For nought could suit their humors that was cõmon.

No Artist, were he never held so rare,

Tasting no other but his countrey aire

Could gaine *request*: those onely bore renowne

Who were least knowne to *fashions* of their owne.

Those then were *honest men*, who in good troth

Could *mince* an *oath*, and cheat, and wipe their mouth,

Guild vertue with pretences, and deceave

Deluded eyes with onely seeming grave.

No reall goodnesse purchas'd them esteeme,

Those were held *good*, that did but *goodly* seeme;

Yea,

Upon Judge HUTTON.

Yea, *seeming-good* loſt her account in time,
And by degrees fell into that decline
As thoſe who gave a countenance to good
Were held degenerating from their blood:
So as to lye a blemiſh on *His* fame
Whoſe actions were a glory to his name;
Or to detract from good men, or diſgrace
A Magiſtrate or Iuſtice in his place
Was held an act of honour;—Th'Counterfeat
Taxing a Iuſtice on his Iuſtice Seat
Was an *high-Muſty* made; none durſt reprove
His frontleſſe *impudence*, but highly love
His reſolution, though his *phrentick* Spirit
Meerly conſiſted in debaſing merit:

Nor

Nor needed this *indulgence*, though he err'd,
In good mens thoughts, he ever was preferr'd.
Thoſe onely *Martiall Chevalieres* were held
Could veile a plume of feathers in the field;
Speake bigge to their inferiours, and define
(What they had got off booke) their diſcipline.
Then ranke their ſquadrons in each regiment,
Though they knew little what their *Captain* meant,
Nor he himſelfe, while he by mimick charmes
Could *gull* the *State*, and *guild* his harmleſſe *Armes*.
BUT our's a golden age, a glorious State,
Where no ſuch *Scarabees* ſurround our gate;
Our *Purple-conſcript-fathers* are divine
And ſcorne to cloze with th'humour of the time.
They

Upon Judge HUTTON.

They ſhun *preferment* as our *Clergie* doe,
And would decline it, were it offer'd too.
Their Iudgements and Decretals do proceed
From a diſcreet, ſage and judicious head:
For what imports the publicke intereſt
That they deliver with a conſtant breaſt.
Our *Courtiers* too, they have no trickes to pleaſe,
To purchaſe ſuits, deſertleſſe offices.
Free are they from all avaritious thirſt,
What they *preferre* it muſt be *honeſt* firſt,
For elſe to gaine an Empire they'l not doe it,
Nor ſhew leaſt gracefull countenance unto it.
Theſe ſeriouſly examine ev'ry point
In ſuch a ſuit, before they'l ſtirre a joint,

As

As thus: "Is't honeſt? may it not offend
"The State? inferrs't not ſome peculiar end?
"May't introduce no *preſident* of ill?
"Nor with ſuſpicious feares the people fill?
"Doe'ſt undermine no *Trade*? No *Commerce* ſtay?
"Nor turne our *Traffick* cleare another way?
"Doth it not trench upon ſome *Company*?
"Nor wrong the *State* by ſome *Monopoly*?
"May I preſent't with honour, and come off
"Like a wiſe Courtier without a ſcoffe?
"May I ingratiate him do'es imploy me,
"That no calumnious Agent may annoy me?
"May I with *reputation* ſo proceed
"As no juſt rub t'ancipate my ſpeed.

"In

Upon Fudge HUTTON.

"Is the *foundation* firme whereon I ſtand?
"Does't promiſe good ſucceſſe if rightly man'd?
"Should it be granted, as't importeth one
"Would it doe good to many, hurt to none?
This our *good Courtiers* weigh, as may appeare
By many Suits preſented lately here:
Wherein ſole love to goodneſſe was their aime,
Which they preferr'd before their *Patrons* gaine.
Our *Ladies* too are modeſt in attire,
They ſee no forraigne dreſſings they deſire;
No ceruſſed complexion they endure,
To feed vain fancie with as light a lure;
They keep their windowes ſhut; no boſome bare,
It muſt be private if they take the aire.

They ſacrifice not th' *Morning* of the day
Unto their Glaſſe, nor th' *Ev'ning* to a *Play*;
Our Court-rere bankets ſeldome they frequent,
But make their *Feaſts* a pœnitentiall *Lent*.
They care not for *priority* of place;
Nor wooe affection with a borrowed face.
They love not to conſort, nor to be knowne
To any *Favorits* but to their owne.
Snayls may be well their *Emblesmes*, for they live
Still within doores, leſt they ſhould *Patterns* give
Of wandring unto others; They are chary
Whom to admit, but whom they meane to marry.
Their *Uſher*, though he be a proper man,
Ha's but acceſſe unto them now and than,

And

Upon Judge HUTTON.

And then he ſtands at diſtance, leſt he tempt,
Or his *familiarity* breed *contempt*.
They aske not what this dreſſing coſt, nor flower;
Fruitleſſe expences they reſerve for th' poore,
And with as free extenſive hand they give it
While every *farthing* ſweetned is with *Civit*.
If a light-amorous line approch their hand,
Like a poor-wounded *Deare* at *Bay* they ſtand;
Aſtoniſht at the folly of ſuch men,
Who ravell Time out with ſo light a pen.
Yet they'l peruſe the Letter ore and ore
And finde, perchance, more then they found before;
Not to admire him nor affect his ſtraine
But to diſgrace him when they meet againe;

Yet with such *sweetnesse*, he shall hardly know
Whether in earnest they be mov'd or no.
Such modest-Matron-Mirrors, Ladies be;
They *coynesse* love, though *Love*'s their liverye.
Our *Camp-Commanders* too, they merit praise,
Who had they liv'd in *Agamemnons* dayes,
Those fierce *Atrides*, or in Armes had come
When Carthage was beleagred by Rome,
Brave *Hannibal*, *Hamilcbar*, *Asdrubal*
Had raisd their *Citie* to a *Capitall*.
So active is the *Gentry* of our time,
So docile too in feats of discipline,
Which such impressions in their service take,
As one weekes training may an *Ancient* make.

Upon Judge HUTTON.

Tara tantara, what a martiall ſight
Of *brave Commanders* diſciplin'd for fight
Approch th'inſulting foe! no ſtratagem
Practiſ'd abroad but introduc'd to them;
No fear, defeat, advantage, point of warre,
But to our *Colonels* familiar.
No Tearmes of Armes but theſe exactly know,
Their Marches, Poſtures, and Gradations too,
Their Sconces, Paliſado's, Parapets,
Their Military-Ovall Coronets;
Sallies, Alarmes, Excurſions, Rendevous,
Iſſues, Retraits, their Pay unto a ſouſe,
Their Martiall Ord'nance too they can diſpoſe
And to the diſadvantage of their foes

Plant them with ſuch diſcretion, none would deeme
But that they knew the *Frier* invented them.
Their Musket, Saker, Minion, Culverin,
Dragonet, Baſiliske, and Carabin:
Theſe with their ſev'rall Charges they'l explaine
By their dexterity unto a graine.

☞ Theſe paſſe that Captain, who deſir'd to heare
What *diſcipline* was uſ'd in ev'ry ſhere,
Or what *new Ordinance* they had in ſtore
This Ile was not acquainted with before:
By a briske merry Greeke, whoſe jeering nature
Could tell a Tale, and never laugh at th'matter
Noting his ignorance, was anſwer'd thus:
"Sir, there be *Pieces* lately come to us

"Of

Upon Fudge HUTTON.

" Of ſtrange proportion and as ſtrange a ſtyle,
" The like whereof ne're landed in this Ile.
" And if my mem'ry faile not, they are theſe,
" State-frighting *Formidons*, *Quo mizuſes*,
" Neat *Cerciorares*, Stockes that ne're will burſt,
" By *Fabius Maximus* invented firſt,
" When by delay and ſpinning out of time
" He finiſhed his glorious deſigne.
" And theſe, beleev't, Sir, are of ſuch eſteeme,
" As *Harquebuſſes* are but *Squirts* to them
" For uſefull mannagement: for I have ſeene
" In Zealand, Brabant, where I oft have beene
" And kept my *fixt Perdue*, theſe Armes doe more
" One houre, then others would in twenty foure.

The

The credulous *Captaine*, he believes the man,
Desiring much to know from whence they came,
And by what *Engines* drawne on horse or foot,
But this *Attorney* fearing to be out
By entring more discourse, briefly declar'd
How they were moulded, planted and prepar'd,
But at such distance, as whatsere he s'ed
Was by the *Captaine* firmly credited
For *reall Oracles*, as't might appeare
The more he heard, the more he sought to heare:
So as in th'end this expert *Bleatman* vow'd
He had spoke nought that could be disallow'd:
For having never heard *Law-terme* before
A *Formedon* might be a *Musket-bore*

For

Upon Judge HUTTON.

For ought he knew; nor did he hold it fit
That th'*Enemy* should notice have of it,
But that such *Engins* as he had related
Should by command be on our selves estated
Without discovery to such forraine Powers
As wished no successe to us nor ours.
But their occasions so divide their journey
As th'*Captaine* must take leave of his *Attorney*,
Returning him great thankes for his relation
And wishing many such within our Nation,
Whose knowne experience might secure the State,
And make the Age ingaged to his pate.
Though th'*Law man* knew not what these *Engins* (ment
Nor ever any other *Instrument*

Save

Save what his *Law-part mantua* did containe,
The late reversions of a factious braine,
Whose native vigour being broke asunder
Would startle *weake Defendants* worse then thunder.
Yet one *Occurrent* I must here relate
Which in their *Progresse* happened of late;
This *Chivaliere* had a desire to play
A game at *Bowles* his journey to allay,
Or else directed by another aime
(More probable of two) in hope to gaine.
A *Cumrade* takes him up; but th'*Captaine* would
Have none but this *Attorney* keep the gold,
That *strange Relater*, for he held him just,
And therefore none he might more safely trust:

* A vaste Magazin of *Bills*, with other Law-Engines.

What

Upon Judge HUTTON.

What he enjoynes, he as demurely takes,
But in conclusion runs away with stakes.
But riding on no swift *Pegasean* Steed
He renders stakes because he wanted speed.
But let no trifling Tales take up that place
Which on my *Poem* should bestow most grace.
☞ Our *Clergie* too; men of a choice repast,
(For I reserve my *best wine* for the last)
How they scorne *avarice*; loath *venerie*,
And sing an *Antheme* with *Conformitie*?
Survey their dainty *Ducks* from top to toe,
Their active *wastlesse wasts* above, below,
You shall see beauty in her proper place,
Without Embrodery, Fringe, or Tinsell lace:

Clozing with those Stanza's of famous *Bragamena*. "What though the Jade his Masters fury feels" Hee yeelds the spoile because hee wanted heeles.

And

And to restraine *wild fancie*, their intent
Crownes pure resolves with a religious * Lent.
Their first desires are cloz'd; they doe not crave
From their *Parochialls* more then they have.
Their *late Petition* was not ment a pressure
T'inrich themselves, but to improve th'Successour;
For what they did was out of Conscience
While their desires cloz'd in a competence.
They hate *Non-residence* with all such vermin
As feed their *Audience* with a pocket-Sermon.
Their *Study* makes them *leane*: they scorne to rise
To *honour* or a *double benefice*.
Zeale is that sacred *Lampe* they study by,
Which they display in turning *white oth' eye*.

* Being most austere observers of that ancient Decretall touching *Abstinence* and *Continence* in Lent.

Our

Upon Fudge HUTTON.

Our zealous *Zimri's* too, their Trophies raiſe
Adorned with *Roſt-mary* and *gilt Baies*,
Wherewith they meet their late-exiled Paſtor,
Servant and Maſter who may run the faſter.
Their precious fervour can preſent their grieves,
Thouſands combining to pull downe Lawne ſleeves.
So ſtrong's th'infuſion of our Bandites zeale,
They'd form the Church to *Plato's* Common-weale:
Presbytrian parity ſole undertaker
To raze a *Doctor*, and to raiſe a *Baker*.
Yet in this pure *Platonick Common-weale*
We have ſome *Darnell* mixed in our *meale*.
All are not *Solons* that do *Purple* weare,
Nor all true *Courtiers* that do ſo appeare;

Nor

Astræa's Teares

Nor all our *Ladies* really devout,

Nor all our *braving Cavaliero's* ſtout;

Nor all our *ſeeming Levites* well content,

Nor all their *zealous females* continent.

The Sunne h'as motes, what may we think of theſe

Who ta'ne with fancie, honour or with fees

Expoſe their fames to an injurious ſtaine

Which blemiſh'd once, are ne're made white againe?

What of theſe *formall Agents* who pretend

Good to the State, but worke their private end?

Theſe *moderne Machavels* who can deviſe

A vertuous vizard for an odious vice?

Theſe who can lye their hand upon their heart,

And gull their loyallſt friends with words of Art?

Such

Upon Judge HUTTON.

Such fruitleſſe ſhrubbs in my opinion were
Fitter to cope with *Fate* then ſuch as are
Mirrors of Juſtice, who beſtow their Oile
To fructifie a leane and barren ſoile
With honeſt culture, or ſuch *Scions* croppe
Who ſhadow *freer Spurges* with their toppe.
And ſuch an One was that grave *Patriot*
Whoſe pious zeale ſuch reputation got
Amongſt *good-men*, who onely hold ſuch great
As make *juſt actions* ſteps unto their Seat.
Theſe cloſe not with *Times garbe*, nor can they vaile
To that *Soild-foot-cloth* ſets his ſoule to ſale.
And yet there are Some ſuch make *Juſtice* go
On *Crutches*, while poore *vertue* rank'd be low

Muſt

Must hold his *Stirrup*; of which vicious sort

Sport for *Democritus.*

Yeering *Democritus* could make a sport;

Accoast them with derision, and discover

The loose embraces of a wanton Lover,

To make them more contemptuous to themselves,

And caution simple Clients of such Shelves

As most endanger Justice: " If you'l live,

" And prosper in your Suits, be sure you give

" Meat to the mouth oth' Court; you'r rightly serv'd

" In suff'ring a good cause for to be starv'd

" For want of exhibition: let him ply

" The *Iron* while 'tis hot, and in a pye

" Incoffin such a bounty, as't may force

" The *Iudge* to crowne his *Cause* though it be worse

" Then

Upon Judge HUTTON.

" Then his penurious Adverſary, who
" Was foil'd becauſe hee'd nothing to beſtow.
" Suits are like *Pills*, they muſt be *guilded* over,
" For ſhould they any bitterneſſe diſcover,
" The ſqueamiſh appetite would not receive them,
" But either loath them or directly leave them.
" Some have I ſeene advanced to a place
" For their ſmooth polite tongue, or amorous face.
" Others by making betts, as I've beene told,
" While others loſt their Place, for being Old.
" This raiſ'd for making Courts an Oſtridge neſt,
" That raz'd for bringing Courts into requeſt:
" Playing his Cards ſo to his publick ſhame,
" For all his *huge Ruffe*, He muſt loſe the Game.

Astræa's *Teares*

" One in a Funerall pompe goes to his Grave,
" One in triumphant port jetts to receive
" His Consul-charge; yet e're the next Moonth come
" A Writ of Ease may kick him from his roome.
" For as 'tis fit, whens'ere th' Dictator please,
" He must surrender by a Writ of Ease.
" Laugh, laugh *Democritus*, for thou art free
" From these State fears Who is he mindeth thee?
This merry frumping *Stoick* meets soone after
With other Objects to revive his laughter,
Pie-colour'd *humorists* who make their Nation
An apish introducer of each fashion;
And these he laughs and wonders at, how *Reason*
Should suffer *Sense* her *Organs* to imprison.

" Briske

Upon Judge HUTTON.

" Briske fooles, quoth he, how you debase your mind
" In your preferring of this outward rind
" Before the inward *pith* ! —— Ye State divines
" Who serve *Apollo*, but adore the times
" More then that God you serve ; you early rise
" To offer him an heartlesse Sacrifice
" Whose *Priests* you are : But you shall never find it
" Leave a perfuming pretious smell behind it.
" For you doe hold it a religious theft
" To keepe back from him th'better part oth'gift,
" And so delude your *Deity* with wit,
" But trust me, *Augurs*, you must smart for it.
" For when *Pandora's* Box shall opened be,
" Some will prove knaves, weare Vertues liverie.

Astræa's *Teares*

"O age; refined age! where nought seemes good
"But what sucks poyson from corrupted blood!
"Hee's no Philosopher, but he must borrow
"Teares from a madding joy, or puling sorrow.
But how art thou transported! eye this Piece
Whose living actions render'd an increase
With high improvement: freely I appeale
To ev'ry corner of this Common-weale
Where he administer'd *iustice*: first of these
To his long-practis'd Seate ith' *Common pleas*,
Where his confirmed judgement on that Bench
Begot an awfull gracefull reverence
In his *Observers*: scorning to devoure
Rich time in acting of the Orator,

But

But in ſtrong-ſinnowy Arguments, which were
More for the *Underſtanding* then the *Eare*,
Though pleaſing both: Students of Innes a Court
T'augment their *knowledge* making there reſort
Beare Record of this Truth; no Supplicant,
So his depending cauſe bore weight, could want
His count'nance and ſupportance: where he went
His *Circuit* too, ſuch generous content
Did's *affability* to all men win,
As many *Eyes* and *Hearts* were fixt on him.
Whenſ'ere he mounted thoſe *Pretorian* Stayres
They ſhrilly eccoed with * *poor-mens* prayers:
"God bleſſe thee, and preſerve thee for us long,
Were *pleaſing ayres* diſtilling from each tongue.

* So as juſtly might he be diſtinguiſhed & perſonally dignifide with theſe Titles: The *Poor mans patron*, the *Juſtmans patterne*, the *Orphã parent*, his *Countrey's patriot*.

ASTRÆA'S *Teares*

No man as yet againſt him e're could pick
A *Quarrell*, but a crack-brain'd Lunatick
Or State-diſtracted *Levite*, who'd averre
Aſtræa falſe, to make him ſingular.
Whoſe blaſted reputation ever ſhall
Be valued like himſelfe, *Apocriphall*:
Ech where diſgrac't where *He* and goodneſſe meet,
" That *Calumny* may in Oblivion *fleet*.
Nor is th's all; when *Portia* beſought
That thoſe ſpoke ill of *Cato* ſhould be brought
Before th' *Prætorian*, to confeſſe their crime
And cleare his fame by paying of a fine;
Romes Conſcript Fathers held her motion fit,
With gen'rall voyce and vote confirming it.

To

Upon Judge HUTTON.

To *Tullianum* were they straight convaid,
There to remaine till they their fines had paid.
This Act knew no demurre; downe went their gold,
Which to supply, their Housholl-stuffe was sould,
Their Farmes ingag'd, their persons at command,
Till they discharg'd these Debets out a-hand,
To th' *Publique Treasory* what first belong'd,
To th' *Widdow* next whose husband they had wrong'd.
The *Flamen*, though their *Augur*, being tride,
Pai'd twice so much as all the rest beside.
Their doome was just; I wish like censure may be,
" To cloze the Morall with his wronged Ladie.
Thus this *Sage Patriot* by heav'ns command,
Who liv'd to be the *Antiqust Iudge* oth' Land,

Translated hence from this inferiour Vaile
Mounts up to glory with a prosperous saile
Ripe both in *yeares* and *graces*: and to prove
That he did never *Ostentation* love,
He gives direction that no *Sermon* be
To cloze the *Scæne* of his mortalitie,
Lest He forth of exuberance of wit
Should speake more to his praise then he held fit.
Nor might his *Corpse* be coach'd, as others use,
From th'*City* to his Countrey-Mannor house,
But at *Saincts Dunstons* neare to *Serieants In*
He takes his *Grave*, where *Death* surprized him.
So small a *Plotte* containes so great a *Pile*
Whose *life* gave *light* and *honour* to our *Ile*:

What's

Upon Judge HUTTON.

What's left of that *faire Structure* is a gage
Of *mans decline* and *winter* of his age.
Which Time shall hold in reverend regard
So long as *Bookes* are to be sold ith' *Yard*:
Nor shall our *young Justinians* need to looke
On any other *Title* but his *Booke*,
Where *Leafes* are *Volumes*, *Volumes Columns* be
With *Palmes* of *peace* to crowne his memorie.
While these *Remaines* of thy *diviner part*
In *lines* of *dust* shall tell men what thou art:
Till re-united to thine heav'n-lodg'd *Spirit*,
They joyntly live, and love, and joy inherit.

EPITAPH.

ASTRÆAS *Teares*

EPITAPH.

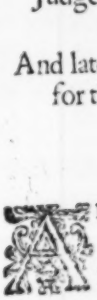
ARarer *Sage* ne're *Age* brought forth,
Richer in *fame*, love, reall worth,
Freer in heart, milder in Speech,
Apter to learne, fitter to teach,
Gladder to dye, nor in his death
Lesse taken with affected breath:
" Nor did he any *Sermon* need,
" Who left his *life* a *Book* to read.

To

Upon Judge HUTTON.

TO
THE LIVING MEMORIE
of that Reverend, learned and honeſt
Judge, Sir RICHARD HUTTON
KNIGHT:
And late one of his *Majeſties* Juſtices
for the Court of *Common Pleas*
at *Weſtminſter.*

AN ELEGIE.



ART gone *juſt Judge?* yet e're thou go'ſt from hence
Receive thy *Godſonnes* teares in recompence
Of many *Bleſſings* thou beſtow'd of him;
"To ſilence *goodneſſe* were an envious ſin.
To tell men what thou wer't; what thou haſt done,
Were but to give a light unto the Sun.

This was compoſed the very ſame morning he dyed.

While'ſt

Astræas Teares

While'ſt thou liv'd here, who did not love to heare
With what an equall hand, impartiall eare
Thou meaſur'd *Juſtice*; regulating Lawes,
" Skales not to weigh the *Perſon* but the *Cauſe*?
This cauſed Poor-mens prayers perfume the way,
" There goes the *Honeſt Judge*! thus would they ſay.
Yet did not th'*Style* of *goodneſſe* make thee proud,
Nor feed *vaine beates* in thy well temper'd blood:
For Thou, while'ſt thou didſt flouriſh in this Ile,
Wer't ta'ne with * love of *goodneſſe*, not of *Style*.
Nor did thy *vertuous parts* take here their Stand,
Thy *pious heart* reach'd forth a *bountious hand*,
Both which expreſſ'd thy charitable nature,
In *ſowing* of thy *bread* upon the *water*;

Sowing

Were a prompt legiſt lawyeſſe to his foe, Hee'd ſay, " *Aquinas* never taught him ſo. —*Diſceſſit ab orbe Satelles Pauperis; heu clamat inopes!*— *Thoſe men all *goodneſſe* in their breſts compile, Love *goodneſſe* for *herſelfe* not for her Style. *Muſæ.*

Upon Judge HUTTON.

Sowing I well may ſay, for ſeene I have
Thy *hand* more prompt to *give*, then th'*poor* to *crave*,
So free thy *Almes* was, that as I live
Thy * *Left hand* knew not what thy *Right* did give.
And now a * *glorious Even* h'as crown'd thy day,
In paying *Nature* what we all muſt pay,
And at this time, when thou a palme of peace
Didſt heare theſe *Warlike Rumours* to increaſe:
When All by th' *firſt* of *March* were marching home,
Thou to thy *Mannor-houſe* of *Clay* art gone.
But hence to thy interment! where I ſee
The *very day* fits this Solemnitie
ASHWEDNESDAY! Aſhes to aſhes turne,
Like precious Treaſures cloſed in an Urne:

Though

* *Non tuæ tubæ ſonat, nec inanior aura coronat, Dextera quod tribuit, lævæ referre nequit.*

* *Veſpera bona, Phabi corona.* ib.

ASTRÆA's *Teares*

Though in their *Ceremony* different
From that knowne *Preparation* unto *Lent*,
So antiently solemniz'd: for in stead
Of *Penitentiall ashes* on the *head*,
Thy precious Soule so richly beautifide,
Expects thy *ashes* to be glorifide.
But lo! the *place* where thou interred art,
Presents new-pensive Objects to my hart:
For neare this *Holy ground* of thine possest,
A grimmer *Hagge* then *Death* did me arrest
Till thy just-judging Eye did rightly scan
My cause, and free'd me from th' *Leviathan*:
For ne're was man surpriz'd with more deceite,
Nor with more *Grace* retreved from a *Grate*.

Saint *Dunstons. Vid. Panegyr. Anniversar.* 5.

No

Upon Judge HUTTON.

No more ; no more ; *true teares* have drencht my sight,

The Evening crownes the *Day*: ——Just Judge, good night.

——*Terris* Astræa *reclusit*

Astris conspicuam lucem magis, Orbe priorem.

Astræa's Anthem.

COme *Astræa*, and descend

To partake that *Judges* end

Who was styl'd the *poore mans* friend.

Here

ASTRÆA's *Teares*

Here a *Shrine* you need not reare,
We have one of *Amber* here
Cimented with *pitties* teare.
Come then deare *Astrea*, come,
Shippe him to Elysium,
And record what he ha's don:
That his living fame may win
Other *Lights* to follow him.

Upon

UPON THE DEATH OF
another Reverend, learned, and judicious *Patriot* of our Nation;

One no leſſe nobly deſcended, then richly endowed:

And One,
Whom in the diſpenſation of Juſtice,
neither *price*, *prayer*, nor *power*
could ſurprize;
Paſſion tranſport,
nor
Affection ingage.

Epitaph.

HEre lyes a Judge, of whom it may be ſed,
H'as got more ground then e're he purchaſed

Obiit Decemb. 16. An. Dom. 1639.

Epitaphs.

By this *seven foot*: for he was well content
To keepe that ſtate was left him by deſcent.

A ſimple *worldling*, eaſily beguil'd
In truſting of his ſubſtance with a *Child*;
A ſubtile *Child*, who from his Stygian ſhore
Had tricks to coſen him and hundreds more.

A numerous *Book-man*, who from ſeverall places
Could ſtore his pleadings with a thouſand Caſes,
Which prov'd his *Studies* were eſtrang'd from Sloath,
His Leafes not Spider-wov'n, nor known to Moath;
As I've ſeene ſome, who ſhelv'd large volumes by thē,
But knew not what was in them, ſhould you try them.
Theſe take up *Law* and *Learning* upon truſt,
And with a *Foxes taile* bruſh off the duſt

From

From their rare-visited Authors.——Such as these
Account it their prime Theory to get fees.
Whereas this *Patriot* had an higher aime,
Holding a precious name his chiefest gaine.
He knew his *Heart* triangular to be,
A faire resemblance of the Trinitie,
And that it could no more be fill'd with mould,
Then a *tri-angle* by a *Circle* could.
This, this inlarg'd his intellectuall ayme
To th'place from whence his purest essence came;
Which *Contemplation* did so much improve him,
While he was Judge, he ey'd a *Judge* above him.

——— *Sic judex judicis astat*
Subditus arbitrio. ———

To the unperioded memory of the Honourable, RICHARD MOLLINEUX Viſcount *Mollineux* of *Mariburg*.

A Funerall Teare.

FATE, couldſt thou find a more perplexing word
Then to pronounce *Death* on mine Honour'd Lord?

But ſince th'aſt paſt thy cenſure he ſhould dye,
Finde One that may his temp'rature ſupplye.
So ſweetly milde, religiouſly wiſe,
So gracefull to all knowing hearts and eyes,
So nobly rich in faculties of mind,
So firme unto his owne, to all ſo kind;

Shew

Epitaphs.

Shew me one Inſtance and I will not tax
Fate to deprive the State of *Mollinax.*
But thou reply'ſt, it is the fault of Time
To merit few good men, it is not mine.
'Tis true; yet we for *tarts* ſhed oft more *tearts*
Then for the ſcattering of our *wheaten-earts.*
Let's learne our paſſions then to moderate,
As they reflect upon the publique State:
" For great's the loſſe, muſt needs be underſtood,
" When we loſe ſuch as are both *great* and *good.*

To the pious memory of that judicious Patriot of his Country,

Sir CHRISTOPHER DALSTON KNIGHT.

A Friends farewell.

THe fabrick of this Building now's pull'd downe,
The *higher* parted from the *lower* roome;
The *Cover* of this structure turn'd to dust,
The *Center* made a Parlour for the just.
Dull stones are rubbish, useless for example,
This fit for th'*polish'd corners* of the Temple:
The price then of this *Gem* who value can,
But He who now enjoyes it, God and man?

Upon

Epitaphs.

Upon his death.

TO ſome on Earth a quicker death is given,
No courſe can be too ſpeedy unto heav'n;
In *him* lies here, this may be verefide,
Who dide to Earth, before on Earth he dide.
He heard his Saviours invitation, *Come*;
And he no ſooner heard him then he run.
"This made him fleight his life, to ſhow his love,
"Having his *feet* below, his *faith* above.

PANARETEES TRIVMPH:

OR,

HYMENS heavenly Hymne.

Pæana cantat Hymen; *taceat lachrymabile Carmen.*

LONDON,
Printed by *T. H.* for *Philip Nevil*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Ivie Lane, at the signe of the Gun.
1641.

PANARETEES TRIVMPH:

OR,

HYMENS heavenly Hymne.

The sixt yeares ANNIVERS.

REmove that *funerall-pile*; now six whole yeares
Have beene the *Nursing mothers* of my teares.
These rivell'd furrowes of mine aged cheeke
Have writ griefes characters exceeding deepe.
But what's *perpetuall* cannot mix with earth,
"Joyes must partake with teares, and teares with mirth.

Those

Hymens heavenly Hymne.

Thoſe careleſſe foldings of mine armes muſt ceaſe
While *eyes* reſounded *cares*, and *cares ay-mees*;
While *tones* were *thrones*, ech *motion* of my *tongue*
The dying accent of a Swan-like ſong.
Theſe muſt be cloſed in her ſacred ſhrine
Whoſe living beautie, while enſtyled mine,
Made me too *earthly-bleſt*;——Another rite
Muſt baniſh theſe *preſen'ments* from my ſight;
Yet in their *exile* ſhall I ſtill retaine
That *Anniverſall* mem'ry of her Name,
As thoſe declining-earth-reſolving flowers
Where wee'r to celebrate theſe *Rites* of ours
Sh.ll to my thoughts a *Funerall Lecture* read,
And in a freſh Brides beauty eye her dead

With

With ſuch an active ſorrow, as her Tombe
Were th'marriage-bed whereto I ſought to come.
Yet muſt this *time* with Funerall teares diſpence,
And with a feagned Solace raviſh Senſe,
As if it went to entertaine a Gueſt
Which h'as bene long eſtranged from my breſt.
So have I ſeene the *Sunne* his beauty ſhroud,
And ſuddenly breake from a ſable cloud
With an imperiall ſplendor, but that beame
Became the true *forerunner* of a Streame.
So have I ſeene *Plants* in a forward Spring
With bloomes and bloſſomes lively flouriſhing,
Yet long before th'imbroder'd *Spring* were done
Thoſe *Plants* were ſeer'd, and all their bloſſoms gone.

So

Hymens heavenly Hymne.

So have I ſeene a glorious *Starre* appeare,
As if ſole Empreſſe of that Hemiſpheare,
Darting her twinkling lights, and marching round
Contract her Orbe, and fall upon the ground.
So have I ſeene a *manly ſpirit* fight
With death ſo long as Oyle afforded light,
Nay ſmile upon his *viſitants*, and ſay,
"I hope e're long, my friends, to have the day;
Yet ſee vaine hopes! before next enter-breath
He proves theſe were but *lightnings* 'fore his death.'
So I; ſo my moiſt eye! which though it ſeeme
To take the world with a pleaſing beame,
And her diſ-ſorting paſſions to exile
With the reflexion of a forced ſmile,

I'm

I'm ſame I was, and muſt be ever ſo,

"Woe may put off her weed, no weed her woe.

And yet me thinks 'twere ominous to ſhed

A Funerall teare before a Nuptiall bed;

This might perplex a Bride, and make her wiſh

Shee'd never taſted of that painted bliſſe

So much by Maids affected, but had ſtill

Bene Miſtreſſe of her ſelfe and her owne will.

Thoſe *Vialls* then my teare-ſwolne conduits fill'd

Shall to a pure *Elixar* be diſtill'd,

Which well *preſerv'd* may treaſur'd fountaines keepe

For thoſe who make a face but cannot weepe.

Firſt thoſe brave *ſpritely Blades*, who puff'd with pride

Would in their fathers ſadles gladly ride;

Hymens heavenly Hymne.

Hope of concealed treaſures, rich demaines
Have ſoakt the thirſty channels of their braines
They cannot weepe to die for't: yet they'r knowne
By ribband, Cypers, mourning-hood and gowne:
Which *Ornaments* of *griefe*, howſere theſe beare them;
Seem better *Mourners* farre then thoſe that wear them.
Nor is there hope that theſe will e're have ſenſe
To grieve, till what their Fathers providence
Which many reſtleſſe nights had ſcrap't together
Their riot h'as ſent packing God knowes whither.
Then, ne're till then, they finde what 'twas to have
A pleaſing eye upon a Fathers grave.
To theſe my late-diſtreaming eyes ſhall lend
A legacy of teares, and ſo befriend

Theſe

These ſtate-preſenting Mourners, none ſhall gather
But that they ſorrow truly for their father
Without enforced paſſion; though ſhort time
Shall prove thoſe teares were none of theirs but mine.
There be ſome *widdowes* too, who ſtand in need
Of our *Conſerves* of teares to ſuit their weed,
That ſeeming weed of Sorrow: theſe belye
Their ſable habits with a teare-forc'd eye:
And like thoſe brave *Ægyptian* modeſt Dames
Whoſe chaſte-bequeathed breſts ſuch love inflames,
As when their breathleſſe husbands buried be
They ſtrive which may have the precedencie
To be interred with them: So doe theſe
With unamated courage ſtrongly preaſe

Towards

Towards their Husbands graves: where they appeare
All *Niobes*; claſping the fatall Beare
With an affected zeale; and to ingrave
More Sceanes of ſorrow leape into his Grave
As if they'd be enſhrin'd (though nought leſſe ment)
In the cold boſome of that Monument.
Yet h'as not one poor worme undone a ſtitch
Of his freſh-funerall Shroud; no, nor that pitch
Which ſeer'd his Coffin flaw'd; no, nor one flower
Which beautifide his Hearſe decay'd in power;
No, nor that late proviſion which ſhould
Refreſh his *formall Mourners*, ſcarcely cold
Till her decreaſing griefes ſuggeſt unto her
An other hopefull, youthfull, active wooer

To raiſe her a new progeny; which done
She holds joyes paſt compar'd with joyes to come
Fall ſhort in eſtimate: She wonders much
How any womans paſſion ſhould be ſuch
As to imbrace an Husband that is dead,
When th'world's ſo well ſupplide, it can beſtead
Her Choice of ſuch a choice ſelected one
'Twere madneſſe to lament for him that's gone.
To theſe my teares I zealouſly bequeath,
To ſhed ſome ſeeming ſtreamlings at the death
Of their expired Husbands; that their ſorrow
May ſhew it ſelfe eſſentiall, though it borrow
Juice from my eyes, which when Time ſhall reſtraine
I looke my teares ſhall be reſtor'd againe.

The

The *profuſe Gallant* too, who lately ſped
Of a full fortunes with a loathed bed
Muſt ſhare in my *teare-tribute* to weepe o're her,
And wiſh (vaine wiſh) that he had dyde before her.
Meane time, on choicer ſtuffe his love he ſets,
Stepping into a *bed* of *Violets*
In ſtead of *his icy Conſort*, who is gone
To take poſſeſſion of her longeſt home.
Yet muſt he feigne a teare, and force a ſigh,
And wiſh his diſſolution to be nigh
To gull his *weake Spectators* with a ſeeming
Of being what was leaſt of all his meaning.
To fit his ſorrow then with freſh ſupply,
He may derive from my diſtilling eye

A numorous ſtore; yet would I have him come
When he h'as done (as hee'l have quickly done)
To render me, and that without delay,
What I have lent, and he is bound to pay.
Nor would I have him make the world believe
While he ſo paſſionately ſeemes to grieve,
That theſe diſtreaming rivolets ariſe
From any other fountaine then mine eyes.

Now ſome will aske why my decaying time
Should to ſuch ſolemne nuptiall rites incline?
Whereto I anſwer, no licentious fire
Inflam'd my ſprinkling Organs with deſire,
No glowing heat of fancy did I feele,
Unto my ∴∴∴ I freely may appeale.

Theſe were unfitting motives to weake Senſe,
Though Age muſt render age benevolence
When time, place, ſpirit may ſuch acts admit
With equall willing minds to ſecond it.
No, my affection never tooke delight
Ith' light embraces of a marriage night,
Nor to make ſacred rites ſuch tempting lures
To ſate th' deſire without more inward cures.
For had theſe bene mine ends, my conſtant ayme
Had long ſince fixt upon more youthfull game.
Nor did I want in number to ſupply
The curious choice of loves-attractive eye,
Which may appeare by thoſe ſelecter lines
My *widdow Muſe* compos'd in former times.

Panaretees Triumph, or

True, ayes her Cush-kee-per, but in the *third* place.

* " Four wenches be there who my love would win,
" And ſtick as cloſe as Ticks unto my skin ;
" The *firſt* a widdow worth * ſix thouſand pound,
" But my Hopes ſay, more thouſands may be found ;
" The *next* as nimble as the mountaine *Ret*,
" But all her fortunes are not worth a ſtree ;
" The *third* a wanton witty worldly Cricket,
" But too too many Cubbs have ſprung her wicket ;
" The *fourth* of lovely hue and lively quickneſſe,
" For th'Trickle-bed h'as cured her green-ſickneſſe,
" A Damſell freſh as is the flower in May,
" But her pure zeale impurer acts diſplay :
" Adviſe me which to chuſe, and I'le have at her,
" One muſt I have, more is an hanging matter.

And

And theſe were true, as I may hope for life,
Yet could no beauty ſtamp the ſtyle of *wife*
In my affections for I found no Spouſe
Could cheere my fancy like mine *inner houſe*:
Which to adorne with *veſſels* of choice grace,
I made my *Grove* my ſole-retiring place.
Where in a *ſacred melancholy* I
Red in each Creature ſuch variety
As I perceiv'd the very loweſt plant
Might read a *lecture* to the ignorant
To make him rightly learn'd: No Bird ith' Aire
But ſung her morning thankfull chantelere.
Which made me bluſh to hear ſuch hymns from theſe,
And I, ungrateſull I, to hold my peace.

This 'twas that made me ſeriouſly to marke
The various warblings of the early *Larke*,
With what a winged ſpeed ſhe made reſort
To joyne in conſort with the *heav'nly Court*.
The *Silke-worme* I obſerv'd too, how ſhe ſought
Forth of thoſe threeds ſhe from her bowels wrought
To deck *delicious man*; how wondrouſly
Her ſilk-web ſpun, ſhe turn'd a *Butterfly*.
Againe, I turn'd me to a deſert cave
Matted with moſſe like to an antient Grave,
Wherein I found a ſubject of that ſenſe
As it exceeded humane providence;
A briſled *Hedge-hogge*, who retaines a forme
Of ſtoring in a calme againſt a ſtorme.

Theſe were the *Books* I red: for teares had ſo
Surpriz'd my dim eyes with an overflow,
As to beſtow my ſight, I held it better
Upon a living then a dying letter.
Now you will wonder how I ſhould depart
From this condition which had ſeaz'd my hart,
And take me to the world which I'd forgone
Since the deprivall of my deareſt One.
'Tis true, you well may wonder, yet I finde
Some maine inducements to divert the minde
From ſuch amazement; heare me, I'l be briefe,
And amongſt many reaſons call the chiefe.
I had ſome little Children for whoſe care
A native love injoyn'd me to prepare;

Tender

Tender they were in yeares as in my love,
But, 'las, hows'ere their *Non-age* might approve
My constant zeale, so weak was my intent,
I could not perfect what my purpose ment.
A Father though he lov's posterity
Cannot play Mother in a family,
Nor dandle a young infant, nor bestow
Such easie kisses as a Nurse can doe.
No; nor ith'Needle, nor in any Art
Expresse himselfe so formally expert
As a remisser temper can apply,
Besides some offices necessity
Injoyne them to performe: Nor is this all,
No Solemnizer of a Funerall

But

But having cloz'd the period of his ſorrow,
His late-expired teares may ſolace borrow
Of ſome calme interbreaths, and learne to ſmile,
Though it be farre from th'heart, and ſo beguile
A penſive houre : —— Oh but a widdows ſtate
Preſerv'd from blemiſh do'es participate
A gracious freedom ! and you know we read
" Honour a widdow that is ſo indeed.
Yet *Eve* when ſhe was made of *Adams* bone,
God held't not meet that man ſhould be alone,
And therefore rais'd him *Helpe*, that joyn'd tog ther
One heart might render mutuall joy to either.
In this my griefe-ſurprized heart was needing,
To cheere my ſelfe and for my childrens breeding :

Panaretees Triumph, or

Whose choice improvement was my higheſt ayme
Next th'honour of his Name from whom I came.
Breeding, will ſome object, who can expect
From a *Step dame* whoſe fancie's diſreſpect,
Beſt favours frownes, content meere diſcontent,
And when moſt mov'd, moſt in her Element?
'Tis true there are ſome ſuch, whoſe onely ſong
Is canting fury with a glibbry tongue,
Bearding their *eaſie husbands*, and appeare
Rampants till they the *good mans* bretches weare:
Which purchaſe got, with an imperious brow
They glory in the title of a ſhrow,
And left their Husbands ſhould their *Leſſures* miſſe,
No meſſe ſerv'd up without a *Chafindiſh*.

And

And theſe indeed we *Step-dames* well may call,
But ſhee's none ſuch that I have matcht withall.
For thoſe who are her husbands children knowne,
She values them more then they were her owne.
Nor is't a curious dreſſe or luſcious fare
That work effects upon her matron care;
What we account to be the preciouſt gem
That can adorne a civile Citizen
Makes her *complete*; it is a modeſt eye,
That wooes with no ſtraid lookes the paſſer by;
Her *Senſes* are all *inward*, which divine
She h'as no thought, ſave *heaven*, ſhe ſtyles not mine.
She diſ-eſteemes hand-basket Citizins
Who make their wicker baskets ſhroud their ſins.

Pure-

Pure-elevated eyes who make a ſhow
Of doing that they never ment to doe
Are *Bug-beares* to her *zeale*; which loves to feed
Th'oyle of devotion as it is *in deed*.
The *Church* gives her a Leſſon; and her ſcorne
Is to be taught in any other forme.
For though, where thoſe *grand Covenanters* be,
She took the place of her Nativitie,
Their odious projects ſhe does ſo deſpiſe
As with her *Needle* ſhee'd pick out their eyes
For want of *ſtronger Armeur*, to expreſſe
That loyall love which ſhe did ſtill profeſſe
To *Prince* and *Countrey*: this 'twas made me bring
That *Scotiſh poſie* to our Nuptiall ring:

"Thus

" Thus *Tweede* and *Tyne* our ſoyall loves combine,
" Which *Trivediſh* factions never ſhall untwine.

O what a virile Spirit have I ſeene
My *Panthea* ſhow! what noble diſ-eſteeme
To her *zeale-maddèd Natives*, when ſhe heard
How they were paliſado'd, how prepar'd,
How deſperately gag'd to ſuch a vow
As ſplit their faith, and wrought their ruine too!
" What will theſe me're have done, thus would ſhe ſay, *Callipers* expoſtulation with the *Caledonian* Nation.
" Muſt *Subjects* ſoveraignize, and *Kings* obey?
" Muſt a blind Zeale meerly compoſ'd of ſmoake
" Delude a *Kingdome* with an *holy cloake*?
" Muſt *thoſe* fall ſhort of their allegeance
" Whom Princes grace and favour did advance?

" Muſt

" Muſt we with civile Armes uncivilely
" Shed blood, and ſtyl't an Act of piety?
" Are all turn'd *High-landers?* muſt this debate
" Extend unto an univerſall State?
" H'as my deare Countrey flouriſhed till now
" With her *light teale* to work her overthrow?
" For love ſake leave, leave theſe inteſtine warres,
" Succeeding times will ſorrow for their ſcarres.
" They cannot chuſe but ſuch *impreſſions* make,
" As th'motion of them may the *Fabrick* ſhake.
" If *good Plants* grow among you, cheere them ſtill,
" But thrive they cannot till you prune the ill.
" Thoſe *generous Graffs* then labour ſo to nouriſh,
" That in deſpite of *wild ones* they may flouriſh.

" Let

Hymens heavenly Hymne.

" Let not th'*ambition* of a phrenticks head
" Suffer one drop of *loyall blood* be ſhed;
" It is too precious, if you rightly knew
" With what a ſacred cement, holy glue
" You'r mutually combin'd: oh ſhould you ſee
" Thoſe firſt *prints* of your *Princes* infancie,
" You cannot chuſe but tax your inſolence
" To be his foe who tooke his *birth* from thence!
" Admire his *Princely clemency*, whoſe will
" Had a deſire to *ſpare* where he might *ſpill*.
" Long has his *white flagge* freely bene diſplaid,
" O let not your *ſubmiſſion* be delaid,
" Leſt you to ill convert apparent good,
" And make a *white flagge* turne a *flagge* of *blood*!

"What though the thankleſſe *Ivy* ſhould entwine
" The ſpreading ſpurges of the weeping *Vine*,
" And ſtick ſo cloſe unto her ſeered ſtem
" Till ſhe h'as ſuckt the juice that nouriſh'd them,
" Muſt ſhe your *Emblem* be? oh doe not ſo,
" Theſe *Ails* worke mainly for your overthrow.
" You'r *Nativts* and his *Subjects*, which ſhould draw
" From you a *zealous love* and *loyall aw*.
" Let it be neuer ſaid that th' Commonweale
" Of *Scotland* periſh'd by pretenſive Zeale;
" It will be ſuch a blemiſh, ſuch a ſcorne,
" It may impeach the Babe that's yet unborne
" When he ſhall heare (though guiltleſſe he of that)
" Himſelfe unhappy call'd a *Traitors brat*.

" If

Hymens heavenly Hymne.

" If for *your selves* then you will not prove true,
" Yet for those *Branches* may descend from you,
" Retaine your vow'd allegeance, and returne
" Before you see one peering *Beacon* burne.
" Which to the sad *Spectator* being once showne
" I feare me much will not be quench'd so soone:
" Lay downe your *Armes* in time then; 'tis too late
" When you heare *Fury* knocking at your gate;
" While *Foes* and *Famine* close you so about
" As *Feare* gets in, but nothing can get out.
" Trust me, your case presageth nought but losse,
" And that which you most hate, your fate, a *Crosse*;
" Disloyall aymes must have disgracefull ends,
" Nor can the hope of Favorites or Friends

" Divert that Fate: for what heavens hand h'as writ
" Is not in power of man to cancell it.
" Much have I seene, yet seldom seene I have
" Ambition goe gray-headed to her grave:
" That your gray haires may then with honour goe
" Unto that Earth we all are borne unto,
" Renounce that brain-sick oath you there have made;
" That *Oath's* unjust by which your *Faith's* betraid.
" This your owne *Native* wisheth; crown her wish,
" Her vowes shall pay their tribute for your blisse.
Nor doth it lesse her disposition please
T'enjoy a private then a publick peace;
Her *House-hold* sounds *conformity*: no jarres
Breath civile factions or intestine *warres*

In

In her *calme Family*: where ſome obey,
Others command without imperious ſway.
None glory in *precedency*, nor ſtand
In oppoſition of a juſt command.
Againe, if ought appeare irregular,
She ſhewes herſelfe no rigid Cenſurer:
Her courteous *Curtaine Lectures* they are ſuch
They leave impreſſions with ſo ſweet a tutch
In apprehenſive fancies, clozing ſo
They make men good whether they will or no.
She yeelds preeminence unto her Mate,
And in this ſort ſeemes to expoſtulate.
"Let't not offend you, Sir, if I impart
"The weake expreſſions of a loyall heart.

" The world ſhall ſee that I'le prrforme my vow,
"Where you are *Caius* I am *Caia* too.
" As we are then united, heare me ſpeake,
" Whoſe aymes nought more then your improvement (ſeeke:
" Fix on your ripe experience which came
" Not onely from th'*Survey* of *Bookes* but *Man*.
" Unſeaſon'd houres ſhould challenge no ſuch ſhare
" In one who weares *Times Emblème* in his haire.
" That *English* Proverb in diſgrace was made,
" That a *gray head* ſhould have the *greeneſt blade*.
" Your *actions* ſhould be *poſtures* to the reſt
" Who are but *man-like monſters* at the beſt,
" While they decline from what is reall good,
" And ſtaine the *tincture* of a vertuous blood

" With

" With *ayry vapours*, which no ſooner ſee
" The *glorious Sunne* then they diſperſed be.
" Reflect on theſe; let not an houre of time
" Want the dimenſion of a precious line.
" Our *Warfare's* paſſing ſhort, our *Conqueſt* great,
" 'Tis ſhame for reverend age to make retreat
" Or yeeld one foot of ground, or weakly crave
" A *parly* when one foot is in the Grave.
" It ſounds not well that a light-youthfull rage
" Should claime acquaintance on decrepit age.
" An Old-mans houres ſhould princely patterns give
" To younger yeares, and teach them how to live.
" Yet, Sir, miſconſter not my words I pray,
" Your *parts* doe pleaſe us, though your *haires* be gray;

" No aged wrinkle see I in your brow
" Which with my soule I beare not reverence to;
" No houre so tedious as when you'r from home,
" No newes so cheerfull as to heare you'r come.
" Begot of *fancy* my *embraces* be,
" Which scorne to cloze with any one but thee.
" O let me then enjoy what weeke by weeke
" My six yeares widdowhood did solely seeke!
" Let not a Nights distemper e're divide
" My deare *Musæus* from his *Pantheas* side.
" But if he doe, all passion I'le exile,
" And tax his errour with a pleasing smile.
" Such shall my *Lecture* be, which if it move
" I live, if not, I cannot leave my love:

" For

"For ſuch effects h'as true affection wrought,

"T'enjoy thy ſelfe is all, all elſe is nought.

Now tell me, are not theſe ſuch ſweet regreetes
They'd weane a profeſt Lecher from the ſheets
Of an enchanting *Syren*? Could one teare
Droppe from a *diſpoſition* that's ſo cleare
From all diſſembled paſſion, and depart
Without a deepe impreſſion in the heart?
Could vowels loſe their life, and turne to ayre
That were pronounc'd by one ſo *good* and *faire*?
No, no; I hold no Eloquence ſo ſtrong
As when it falls from a calme Womans tongue.
A Traveller may by experience finde
That *Sunne-beames* are more violent then the *Winde*.

These pierce the pores, and by their powerfull heat
Resolve his native moisture to a sweat.
Meane time, though Windes with boundlesse fury (blow,
They doe not show their active motion so
As those reflecting beamlings: whence collect
" Calme ayres produce the soveraign'st effect.
Nor doe I speake this, any one should tell her,
Nor doe I praise her with a minde to sell her.
For there's no earthly treasure that I see
Can counterveile so rich a price as she:
But to praise *goodnesse* in a vertuous Mate
May others move in time to imitate
What's'ere they gracefull in another read,
And in those steps religiously to tread.

This

Hymens heavenly Hymne.

This have I in a *faire Theatre* ſcene
By a *rare Curtaine* of rich eſteeme
Fully confirm'd: who hearing one commend
The chaſt-devoted life and vertuous end
Of an heroick Lady, who o'rethrowne
Could not by him who conquer'd her, be won
To his imbraces, but as't did become her,
Contemned life, for to preſerve her honour.
"O, quoth this *female hearer*, that I might
"Be made ſo happy as enjoy the ſight
"Of ſuch a *None-ſuch*: I ſhould ſcorne theſe tyres
"(Times toyes) and cloath me with her chaſt deſires,
"And th'patterne of her goodneſſe ſo apply,
"As in her *Service* I would live and dye.

This

This gravell'd all the *Actors*; but her hart
What e're they did, could not forget her Part
Which ſhe ſo well perform'd, as that ſame night
This *Curtezan* became a *Convertite*.

Some other *graces* I could feature too,
Which to a *Judgement* give a beauteous ſhow
Becauſe they have no *varniſh* to adorne
Their ſweet condition with a borrow'd forme.
And truſt me, in ſuch colours I'de portray them
As they ſhould need no *Herald* to diſplay them,
Were it not that ſo many antient Dames
Whoſe very yeares ſhould tender their good names,
Seeing her gracefull vertues ſo approv'd
And by herſelfe improv'd, and therefore lov'd,

Might

Might hold their actions blemish'd, when they heare
So pure a light fixt in a lower Spheare.

First, youthfull *widdowes*, I appeale to you,
Who, loth to lose th'*benevolence* that's due,
Upon your *Second marriage*, cry alas—— !
" O what a brave Blade my first Husband was !
" How pliable to me at *bed* and *board*,
" How active in his *worke*, true to his *word* !
" What prettie toyes (such was his loving care)
" He would have brought me home from every Faire !
" The first ripe *Cherry* that was to be sold,
" Could it have purchas'd bene with weight of gold
" Had bene presented me : were *Pease-cods* deare ?
" They had bene mine ith' *non-age* of the yeare.

" No

" No goſſip feaſt, but I might be invited,
" Where though I revell'd till I was benighted,
" Good man, he would ſit up, till I came in,
" And with ſweet language my affection win.
" If I but frown'd, hee'd weepe like any Child,
" And faſt from meat till he was reconcil'd.
" No forraigne faſhion, coſt it ne're ſo much,
" But I muſt have't, his fancy it was ſuch;
" I had mine owne *will* too in every thing,
" Which to that height of ſpirit did me bring,
" As what I knew for beſt I would not doe,
" Becauſe my Husband had a mind thereto:
" So as I often alter'd my intent
" Becauſe he wiſh'd me doe that which I ment.

" An

" An agile Husband too, to crowne my wish,
" But I find no such activeneſſe in this.
" His ſpirit reſteth onely in command,
" His ſoveraignty to have the upper hand;
" But ſince to be my *head* it is his happe,
" I vow, that to that *head* I'le be the *cappe*.
" To temper then a nature that's ſo curſt,
" Wee'l ſtrive who ſhall enjoy the *Buckler* firſt.

But cheerfull is my *Panthea*, and deſires
To feed her fancy with diviner fires.
It cannot her ſweet diſpoſition pleaſe
To twit her *laſt Choice* with abilities
Of her *firſt Husband*: Such diſcourſe, ſayes ſhe,
Taſts more of *lightneſſe* then of *modeſtie*.

Her

Her actions are all noble, and her ſpeech
So full of gravity, as it may teach
The antient'ſt morall Dame, how to behave
Herſelfe both for the *World* and the *Grave*.
Admit ſhe be no *Helena* of Greece,
Whoſe *beauty* wrought that tragicall increaſe
Of Princely Funeralls: it was my care
To ſet my *fancy* on an *inward-faire*,
Whoſe never-fading *Lilli's* might ſurvive
The richeſt piece of beauty that's alive;
And in her paſſage hence more ſweetneſſe breath,
Then thouſand Hero's when ſurpriz'd by death.
For tell me what's this skin-deepe beautie worth
When her diviner ſpirit is let forth
T'enjoy

T'enjoy her freedome! Where are then thoſe *Starres*
Whoſe love-attractive lights commenc'd ſuch warres
With all the *Senſes*! Sunke to ſuch dark formes
As they are *Cranies* made to harbour Wormes.
Where thoſe *enazur'd breſts* which did ſupply
With luſcious Objects loves-enamour'd eye!
Teats for thoſe ſlimy wormlings now to pull
Which wanton fancie uſed once to cull.
Where that *aſpiring front*, that mount of grace,
That *dimpled chin*, that modell of a face
More pure then *Cynthia's*? nay, ev'ry lim
Where fancie bath'd her liqu'riſh ſenſes in?
All huſht in Earth: no motion to be found
Unleſſe by worme-ſprouts ſhaken in the ground.

This *outward faire* then it is little worth,
Since it receives her *tincture* from the earth,
Whereto it must by native course returne,
And so enshrine her beautie in an Urne.
'Las poore Vermillion Earth! how is that state
Which shew'd such braving postures in her gate
Resolv'd to mouldred dust? where every graine
Proves to the world, that the world is vaine.
Give me that wench (and I have such an One)
No daintie *Leda*, nor no homely *Jone*,
Where any one may read each day oth' weeke
" Some morall-mortall Lecture in her Cheeke.
Where wrinkles write deepe furrowes in her face,
While ev'ry rivell does afford a grace

To her beſeeming age: that, ſhould we lack
Climact'rick yeares within an Almanack,
Her rev'rend brow might pencile out that want
And find an Errand for Deaths Purſevant.
Pray then reſolve me, may ſhe not become
A *Sibyl-Siſter* of our * *Hellicon*,
Who can contract her browes without a loure,
Weare ages liv'rie, and ne're looke ſoure?
Enjoy her Husband with a juſt delight,
And with diſcretion coole her appetite?
Feed her affection with the leaſt of Senſe,
And make her wrinkles gaine a reverence?
Live chaſt to him ſhe loves, and to that line
Confine thoſe rich dimenſions of her time?

* Meaning his Eſpouſall with the *Helicon-nian* Muſe, to whoſe *Hymineall honour* He addreſſeth this *heavenly hymn.*

Panaretees Triumph.

Yes; she or none land she it is or none
Whom I'm resolv'd to set my love upon.
That since my PANARETE lives in blisse,
My HYMENS *heavenly Hymne* may cloze with this.

FINIS.

Upon this Poem.

SOme will collect from hence (they cannot chuſe)
That I'm *eſpous'd*; ſo am I to my Muſe.
Whoſe *preſence* yeelds ſuch *ſolace* to my life,
I would not change with OVERBERIE'S wife.
Toyes, Tyres and Dreſſings take not her deſires,
She feeds her fancie with diviner fires;
Which ſo enliven me when I turne to her,
" Though I enjoy her, night by night I woo her.

My *Hymeneall-Heav'nly Hymne* is this,
" CHRIST JESUS is my SPOUSE, and I am his.

That MUSE which is not dedicate to Him
" Breakes her *Firſt faith*, and ſoiles her Bed with ſin.

Astræa's Shrine.

TO those who cherish *Vertue*, or retaine
The style of *reall good*, or scorne to staine
Astræa's Liv'ry; or fancy that
Wh'ch the *High Court* of *Honour* levells at,
Or to their Countreys and their owne behoofe
Prove in the Scale *Parliamentary proofe*;
Who guild not Pietie with meere pretence,
Nor render judgement 'gainst their conscience;
Weare their *Pretorian Scarlet* till't wax old,
And value *Justice* more then *Ophir-gold*;
Who feare no *Writs* of *Ease*, but take delight
To doe the *Widdow* and the *Orphan* right,
Or store the *Almes-basket*, or provide
For such as have no *Earthly Helpes* beside,
Or purchase *poormens prayers*, or leave their Heires
Seaz'd lesse of acres then religious cares,
Or with a pure and undefiled Zeale
Disturbe not *peace* of *Church* nor *Commonwealth*;
Or when they sit on Seats of Justice tremble,
Remembring on those Thrones whom they resemble:
To those this *aged Shrine* we reared have,
Will be a *Lampe* to light them to their Grave,
From whence such *precious Odours* shall take breath,
As may *perfume* their *Ashes* after death.